5.

CEDRVS BRITANICA

ET

LAURUS REGIA

SIVE

REX & CORONA

A

POETICAL HEXAMERON.

Shewing,

1. *The Invention,*
2. *The Distinction,*
3. *The Designation,*
4. *The Necessity,*
5. *The Dignity,*
6. *The Perpetuity.*

} *Of Crownes.*

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A

POETICAL HEXAMERON.

Should Juno *now (as once she did he nine)*
Perswade my Muse *to chose a* theam *divine;*
And dare, with the sweet Acheloiades
To sing a parode, till shee'd won the baies:
I'de wish her take no other theam then this,
Rex Coronatus, *is a Kingdomes blisse.*

I.

Of the Invention of Crowns.

SUBTLE invention! *pregnant womb of Arts!*
Which mad'st the *Crown* of such admired parts,
And so *stupendious*, that 'tis *hard* to tell
Whether thou shewdst an *art* or *miracle.*
Man *held* the *pencill*, thou didst *guide* the *hand*:
His was the *motion*, but thine the *command.*
What e're of *solid matter fram'd* we see,
Was *immaterially* first *wrought* by thee.
Invention made the *Artist* merit fame:
She *did* the *work*, though he hath *got the name.*
Who e're it was, that *found* this *royall art*
Of making *Crowns*; he wisely did *impart*
His skill: Who would so rare an Art interre;
And make its *womb* to prove its *Sepulchre?*

Should not the fancy act by *emanation*,
An Art would prove a *bodyleſſe* Creation.
Th' *idea* of a *Crown*, that's *forg'd and coyn'd*
Only within the *Mint-houſe* of the *mind*,
Is little worth, unleſſe it ſerves to be
Th' *exemplar* of ſome *reall Entitie*.
What honour is't to *think* on *Crowns*? ſince *Clowns*
May be Crown'd with *imaginarie Crowns*.
That muſt have *reall worth*, that's made to be
The greateſt *Emblem* of *Supremacie*.
Here Art excell'd: the Crown ſhe did ingage
To be the *wonder* of the *golden Age*.
'Tis ſoon reſolv'd, whether *more ſkill* were ſhown
When *Nature* wrought the *Gold*, or *Art* the *Crown*.
Gold's but *Mechanick traſh* that doth beſmear
Firſt the *Refiner*, then th' *Artificer*:
Nor is it fit for Crowns or Scepters, till
'Tis *forg'd* and *furbiſht* by *admired Skill*.
Admired Skill! that makeſt Crowns to be
Like that *Celeſtial-ſpangled Canopy*,
So full of *Diamonds*; as if *Art* thence
Would cauſe not only *light*, but *influence*.
O rare invention! thou ſuch Skill haſt ſhown
In *making*, that thou beſt *deſerv'ſt the Crown*.

II.

Of the Diſtinction of Crowns.

Should *Art*, and *Nature* ſtrive, and both diſcloſe
Their *Glory*; that the *Crown*, and this the *Roſe*:
The *Roſe* no doubt would *bluſh* and ſhut her eyes,
As *guilty* of her own *deformities*:
Would *throw her ſelf*, and all her *beauty down*
Before the *golden ſplendor* of the *Crown*.
Should *Flora* all the *Glory of the Spring*
Gather into one *heap*, and proudly bring

Her

Her ſweeteſt Flowers forth; they were not meet
For Crowns, their *beauty* b'ing *as ſhort as ſweet.*
What though the Ancients uſ'd ſuch *toyes* of old
For *Crowns and Garlands*; ſhall we now *ſlight Gold?*
Take all the *Tulips, Roſes, Lillies, Pines,*
Pinkes, Poppies, Violets, and all that ſhines
Or caſts a fragrant ſmell: Cut branches from
The *Laurel, Myrtle, Olive, Ivy*; ſome
Of theſe perhaps may pleaſe the *wanton ſenſe,*
Yet not contain that worth and excellence,
That grace and beauty, which (*'bove natures power*)
Is wrought by *Art* in her *tranſcendent flower.*
Well then my *Sophocles* ſit down; be ſtill;
Make *Crowns* no more with his *white Daffodill*:
Sappho that famous *Poetreſſe* may now
Uſe *Rubies* 'ſtead of *Roſes*: *Juno's* brow
May ſcorn the *Lilly*: may *Diana* be
Aſham'd to wear a *Crown of Myrtle tree.*
Let ſleeping *Morpheus* with his *Poppy-crown*
Dream ne're ſo much of flattering renown:
Let *Meleager* boaſt himſelf the man
That wore the *Garland* once *Pancarpian*:
Let *Bacchus* wear (*who makes the Tun his Throne*)
An *Ivy Chaplet* on his head, *or none*:
Let Gameſters ſtrive, and think it great renown
To win the *Olive*, or the *Laurell* Crown:
But what's all this? let Natures *Roſarie*
Exhauſt her richeſt Treaſures, and out-vie
The Triumphs of thoſe ancient *Roman plaies,*
Wherein the *Victors* wore *victorious* Baies:
Yet theſe, becauſe they *fade* as faſt as *ſpring,*
Are toyes and ſhadowes. *Gold beſt Crowns a King.*
Whoſe *durable and glitt'ring matter* ſpeaks
A *long and glorious reign*: Whoſe ſubſtance breakes
Reſiſting metals: and whoſe *worth* and *weight*
Do argue *weighty* cares, *in worthy might*:

Whose *All-commanding vertue* lets us see
The *power* of an *earthly Deitie*:
Whose *estimate* above *inferiour things*
Showes what *esteem* is due to *sacred Kings*.
Gold then we see the *chiefest Minerall*,
Must needs be best to *Crown a King* withall.

III.

Of the Designation of Crowns.

Crowns are for *Kings*, and *Kings* alone for *Crowns*:
When these *two meet and joyn*, *Rebellion frowns*;
Dissention frets; and *Treason stops her mouth*;
The *Monsters* of a Kingdome lose their *growth*,
Go backward (that's their proper motion
To walke *like Crabs* καθ' ἀναποδισμον.)
Kings then have *greatest honour*, when they *wear*
That which commands the Subjects *dread and fear*.
The *Motto* of a Crown should alwayes be
Rex & Corona, joyn'd eternally.
Et, like a *Gordian knot*, should stand so stout
'Twixt both, that nought but *death* should *cut it out*.
For in the *Union* of those *Delian-twins*,
Concord in state, and *Truth* in Church begins.
Crown'd, is a *concrete*, proper unto none,
But those, whom *right exalts* unto the *Throne*.
Here *Subjects* are not *Subjects*, *Kings* must be
The only *Subjects* of this *Propertie*.
England hath oft been *sick*, but yet not *dead*;
Because she had a *Crown to bind her head*.
Preserve the *head*, *wherein the senses lie*,
And then no fear, the *body cannot die*.
Give *that* the *Crown*, and *Diadem* to *boot*:
Lesse *pompous Ornaments* will serve the *foot*.
It cannot be, but that a *Kingdome reele*,
Which takes her *Crown*, and wears it on her *heele*.

What

What e're is ſo *prepoſterous* as this
To order, carries an *Antitheſis*.
Look round about, behold what *Symmetrie*,
And *ſweet convenience* in the world we ſee:
Nature diſtributing her Gifts to all,
Keeps a *proportion Geometricall*.
And ſhall not man in imitation, *thus*
Obſerve a *Prius and Poſterius*?
Should we not own ſome *Pow'r imperiall*,
The *wild* and *ſavage beaſts* would *ſhame* us all:
For they *conſent* the *Lyon* ſtill ſhould *reign*;
Becauſe *by nature* made their *Soveraign*.
The Crown, which *all admire*, and *ſome adore*,
Is that, which none but *high-born Princes* wore.
The *talleſt branch* upon that *Royall ſtemme*,
Is onely fit to wear the *Diadem*.
Should *Peaſants rule*, and keep their *Princes under*,
'Twould put the *ſeven wonders* out of wonder.
Of all *Monſtroſities*, not one like theſe,
To ſee a Nation walk *Antipodes*;
To ſee the *Sun deveſted of its light*,
And made *inferiour* to the *guide of night*;
To ſee a *Dunghill mounted* to the *Sky*,
There plac't to be the *Dayes illuſtrious Eye*;
To ſee a *Swine* weare *Jewels in his ſnout*;
To ſee the *Lillies cropt*, whilſt *Briers* ſprout:
Yet theſe, and many more were found wrapt in
That late *Apoſtrophe* of *Crown* from *King*.
Crowns therefore are the great *Prerogative*
Of ſacred *Kings*: Flowers that will not thrive
Or grow on *Sordid ſhrubs*; but made to be
The higheſt Glory of the *Cedar-tree*.

IV.

Of the Neceſſity of Crowns.

When that the *Sun* ſhall ceaſe to *guide the day*;
When *Moon and Stars* ſhall need no *borrowed Ray*:
When *Kings* and *Government* ſhall be no more;
Then *Crowns* ſhall ceaſe as needleſſe: *not before.*
The States (*as Stars take from the Sun their light*)
From *Crowns* receive both *Majeſty and might.*
Theſe only can the Kingdomes Peace defend,
And make the *ſturdy'ſt Tyrants breake* or *bend*:
Theſe only can with their *victorious Rayes*,
Diſpell our *ſtorms*, and give us *Halcyon-dayes.*
When *the late Crown* did *fall*, ſuch *Tempeſts roſe*,
As if the *Centre* would *it ſelf diſcloſe*:
Such *Hero-canes* did then diſturbe our eaſe,
As if *Old-England* were an *Indies.*
Cyclopian Darts did *wound and kill* ſo faſt,
As if *the World* would then *breath out its laſt.*
It was an *Age* that well might weary out
The *Cyclops*, *Vulcan*, *Mars*, and all that rout.
The *Sword ſtruck off our head* without controll,
And made the *Palace* like a *Capitol.*
And ſhall not *future Ages weep the tale*,
And ſtory of that *Monarchs* Funerall?
There needs muſt follow *darkneſſe*, tumults, war,
When that the *Sun* became a *falling Star.*
'Twas then the Horſes ran where e're they liſt
To fire the World, when their own guide was miſt.
Poſterity ſhall mourn to hear what fate
Hung o're this dolefull, this diſtrackted State.
But we may now rejoyce. There comes at laſt
A ſweet forgetfulneſſe of ſorrowes paſt.
May *that* once *Captive*, now *triumphant* Crown
Conquer its foes, and throw *Rebellion* down:

Reſtore

Reſtore this *Palſie-Nation* to its *health*;
And *Monarchy* prefer to *Common-wealth.*
So ſhall we ever *jo-peans* ſing,
And make the World with acclamations ring:
So ſhall our *words* with *choiceſt accents* be
Raiſ'd up to ſnch *Seraphick harmonie*;
That ev'ry ſingle *Vowell* ſhall *rebound*,
And like a *Diphthong* give a *double ſound*;
Nothing ſhall paſſe out through our lips, that is
Not utter'd with a *chearfull Emphaſis.*
Without the *Crown* all other *things* are *toyes*:
The *crowning of the King crowns all our joyes.*
O may it therefore never more be known
Our ſelves to want a *King*, our *King* a *Crown.*

V.

Of the Dignity of Crowns.

Read over the *Worlds Alphabet*, the ſtory
Of ſage Antiquity: there's not that Glory
In all the Feats of Art, which here is ſhown
In this her *Maſter-piece*, the *Royall Crown.*
Thoſe *golden Apples*, which brave *Hercules*
Took by his valour from th' *Heſperides*,
Were *fair without*, and *beauteous* to the *Eye*,
Whilſt all *within* did *rot and putrifie*
The *Golden Fleece*, which *Jaſon* took ſuch pain
To *ſteale* from *Colchos*, was but *wooll in grain*:
'Twere *graines* of *Gold* that made it ſuch a peece,
B'ing firſt a *Sheeps-ſkin*, then a *golden fleece.*
The *golden Crown* hath more of worth then theſe,
Or any jewell from the *Indian* Seas.
It needs no *varniſh outwardly* to hide
Its *inward blemiſhes*; it needs not pride
It ſelf in *painted ſhowes*; it needs no *foile*,
Unleſſe it be its *Diamonds to ſpoyle.*

Which *ſparkling Gems*, like *eyes ſet round*, do well
Denote a *King the Kingdomes Sentinell*;
Who with more care his Subjects fortifies,
Then *Argus Io*, wih his *hundred eyes*.
Its matter is by *Chymiſts* ſo *refin'd*,
The *Quinteſſence* is only *left behind*:
So ſtrange and admirable is its frame,
The *Artiſt* ſcarce beleeves he made the ſame.
Who would to all its *excellencies* come,
Muſt with the *golden number count their Summe*.
Would'ſt in a *word* know what this *Circlet* is?
Thou canſt not without a *Periphraſis*.
It doth in its *Superlative degree*,
Tranſcend the reach of an *Hyperbole*.
Ther's more contained in that one word, *Crown*;
Then ever *was* or fully *can* be *known*.
Crown'd, that's enough it ſelf; there needs no more
Be ſaid, to make the *Subject* to adore
His lawfull *Prince*; or make his *Prince* to be
Intitled to a juſt Supremacie.

VI.

Of the Perpetuity of Crowns.

If that an *humble Verſe* could *reach* the *Sky*,
Or *meeter* could *mete* out *Eternity*:
Then might perhaps to ev'ry eye be ſhown
The *vaſtneſſe* of the *Crowns duration*.
Time may *ungloſſe* the *Flouriſhes of Art*,
But *can't annihilate* the *ſmalleſt part*
Of *maſſie Gold*. Crowns ſhall *out-wreſtle all*;
Yea, *time it ſelf* at laſt, and *giv't the fall*.
When theſe (*like timely fruit from off the Tree*)
Do fall away, they do not ceaſe to be:
Nor ſhall they *die* at *Natures Funerall*,
But ſhall be *chang'd*, and made perpetuall.

O may

O may *Great Britains Monarch* many yeares
Reign *here below*, and then *above* the *Spheares*:
And when theſe *golden Shadowes* all are gone,
May there for ever wear a *reall Crown*:
May, when his *Princely Race* is *finiſht* here,
Paſſe from his *own* to *Heavens Star-Chamber*.
May *factious Comets* never more *preſage*
To *Peace a Period*, *Prince a Pilgrimage*:
Till that *time* comes, when *time* it ſelf ſhall *die*,
And ſhall *lie buried in Eternity*.

An Ardent wiſh *for the* Coronation *of his* ſacred Majeſty *CHARLES II.*

Are *Crowns* ſo uſefull to maintain
The *Peoples ſafety*, *Princes reign*?
And made for none
But *Kings* alone?
Then why doth not that *Royall head*
With its *own Crown* (that is ſo dread)
It ſelf *adorn*,
Since't muſt be worn?
Why do our *greateſt* joyes come on
With ſuch a *ſlow gradation*,
As if *delay*
Would *bid* us *nay*?
Why doth delay thus *rack* our hope,
Making us *run* beſide the *ſcope*,
And happy end,
To which we tend?
Why don't our eyes behold and ſee
The *joyfull'ſt Contiguitie*
That e're was known
'Twixt *head* and *Crown*?

Come quickly then thou *joyfull day*,
Come *ſwifter* then a *darted Ray*
Out from the *Sun*
When *clouds* are gone.
Out-run our thoughts: with nimble ſpeed
Anticipate the time *decreed*.
Let haſte prepare
Againſt deſpair.
Our minds with expectation *led*
Would *languiſh*, if not *pullyed*
And ſtill drawn up
With cords of hope.
And hope it ſelf would fayle at laſt,
Should it not ſee *that day* make haſte,
Which doth attend
Its hoped end.
Lets wait a while. We ſhall ere long
Shut up all Sorrowes with a Song.
When *Charles* is *crown'd*
Joyes ſhal rebound.

FINIS.

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Cedrus Britannica